

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Some Time.

BY ENGINE FIELD.

Last night, my darling, as you slept
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For oh I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep;
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile will show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night—
See, O my darling, how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

A UNION SPY'S STORY.

How I Played Deaf and Dumb for Gen. Grant.

BY WM. W. JEFFORDS—A SPECIAL
SPY FOR GEN. GRANT.

Just before the Vicksburg campaign Gen. Grant selected 20 men to go inside the Confederates line and gather all the valuable information possible. The mission just at that particular juncture, was fraught with such extraordinary danger that the men were given two hours to think over the matter, and then withdraw from the expedition. Jeffords was made a slightest hesitation. All the 20 men reported they would go. Four of them were caught by the Confederates and hanged as spies, and several of them were shot while trying to run the lines. One of them, W. W. Jeffords, assumed the character of a deaf and dumb peddler and walked straight up to the Confederate lines. He was halted, and from that moment until the time he left the lines he was kept under a constant series of tests, for every new party of soldiers he met suspected him. The shrewdness and boldness displayed by the Confederates to throw him off his guard was only surpassed by his wonderful self-possession during the trying ordeals. For his success on this expedition Jeffords was made a First Lieutenant. Below will be found the story of his thrilling adventures as he tells them himself.

I was the First Sergeant in Company D, Seventh Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1863. I was one of the thousands of soldiers under Grant and Sherman fighting our way northward toward Vicksburg. There were skirmishes and engagements every few days at that time. Gen. Pemberton was at Vicksburg, Miss., 50 miles east of Vicksburg—with a force of over 20,000, and was being daily reinforced. Grant and his army entered Grand Gulf May 3, 1863. Gen. Sherman was ordered with 12,000 men to make a demonstration against Haines' Bluff to compel the Confederates to detach troops there from Pemberton's force.

Gen. Grant planned to face the two Confederate armies in detail and defeat them before they could unite against him. He wished to know a lot of facts about the Confederate fortifications in the gaps of the Red Rock Ridges, and the size of Johnston's reinforcements. Spies were necessary, and at this time I was called upon to do spy service.

I had done a little spy work in the Port Gibson campaign, but this job in Johnston's camp, Col. Raymond told me, was about the most dangerous that any spy could undertake. The two great armies were almost ready to fight each other any day, and all the camps were unusually watchful of unknown civilians. Col. Raymond said he wanted 20 young men who had nerve, and who would go into the enemy's lines, ready to die, if necessary, without whimpering or divulging of secret. He also informed me that several Confederate spies had been recently hanged at Corinth, and that the enemy would surely retaliate on Federal spies.

I was given two hours to think the proposition over. I was left in a room and not allowed to speak to any of my comrades.

I confess, I almost perspired blood as I sat there alone that lovely May morning, and thought over the horrible risk I was going to take. But I agreed to go.

Col. Raymond said that Gen. Grant wished to talk with the men who were to go as spies. The Colonel led us about half a mile away to a dilapidated house where Grant made his temporary headquarters. Gen. Grant left a table full of maps and drawings and came to speak with us in the yard. He explained that we had been chosen because of the reputation for coolness, nerve and daring. He told us that if

any of us had any hesitancy or doubt of our courage in engaging in the spy work in a region and at a time when we would be summarily hanged if caught that one should decline the service then and there.

That afternoon each of us was instructed in the particular information he was to get, and the respective part he was to play as a civilian in the enemy's camp.

I was given the task of observing some topographical facts and noting what artillery Gen. Johnson's army had. I was instructed to be a deaf-mute. The Surgeon on Gen. Greison's staff had been the head of a deaf and dumb school at Cleveland, and he spent several hours in drilling me as a dummy.

I was to go to over to Jackson with a satchel full of shoe blacking shaving soap, paper collars and notions, apparently earning my livelihood by selling my wares to Confederate soldiers. A pencil and slate were my mode of communication.

I started out from the Grand Gulf late on the night of May 5. I knew that I would be suspected of being a spy and that the least indication that my hearing was at all good would forfeit my life.

I was within the enemy's lines by noon the next day. I ate under a cowshed while the rain drizzled down.

In the afternoon I was going along a road near a hamlet known as Griggshys. I heard a troop of cavalry coming down the road behind me. I put on a blank expression and trudged along with my black satchel over my shoulder.

A Lieutenant rode up to me and called:

"Hello, there; where are you going?"

I had had time to prepare myself for this test. I started as if at the appearance of the horse under my eyes, and looked vacantly up at the cavalryman.

He repeated his question. In a second I had my pocket slate out and handed it courteously to the officer. The others in the troop laughed and said:

"Oh, he's a d— fool dummy."

The Lieutenant wrote on my slate: "Who are you and where are you going?"

I wrote that I was Daniel Freeman and that I was peddling for a living.

Several of the troops remarked that it was foolish to waste time on such a dumb muttonhead as I, for I'd be caught anyhow, and the troop galloped away.

I saw a camp of fully 1000 Confederates down in a valley. I knew that my presence would be reported at headquarters by the cavalrymen and it would be folly to go past a camp if I were really seeking trade. I was stopped by a sentinel about the camp. I wrote for him my name and business on my slate. He growled something about lunk-head dummies wandering about in war time, and catching me by the coat sleeve led me to the Officer of Guard. The sentinel explained that I was deaf and dumb and went away.

The officer had evidently known that the role of dummy was not uncommon with up-to-date spies. "Stand over there a second, till I finish this," said he to me in the most artful, off-hand, easy manner. My knees did move slightly and I almost stepped a foot.

But I caught myself while the cold chills chased up and down my spine at my almost forgetfulness, and I resolved not to risk my neck so easily again.

"Your hand is bloody," said he turning carelessly to me. I stood like a post, looking vacantly at him.

Some of the cavalrymen I had seen on the road came in, and I knew from the expression on the officer of the guard's face that I was to be tested for my deafness. I stood indifferent to my environment, looking at a picture on the wall, while I knew that some test of my hearing was being prepared at my rear.

Suddenly one of the cavalrymen drew his sword and shouted: "G—d d—n this Yankee! I've a good mind to put him to the wall right here!"

"Stab the ——" cried another. Fancy how you would feel to

hear such words shouted in your ears by a great, burly and armed cavalryman in an enemy's camp. I can't describe my feelings, but I never blinked. I stood scrutinizing the print picture on the wall.

I knew that my every muscle and nerve was being watched by every one in the apartment. The least twitch or turn of the head would have betrayed me.

"He's about as dumb as they make 'em," said the officer of the guard, when it was seen how oblivious I was to all their tests of my hearing. "Isn't it strange that such a poor cuss should go peddling around the lines of warfare. He will get over the Yank lines and it'll go hard with him some of these days."

I was dismissed. I went peddling about the camp, all the time keeping my eyes open for topographical and armament information.

Two days later I was seven miles farther in the enemy's country. I met hundreds of Confederate soldiers on the way, but the fact that I had passed an outlying camp all right was an indication that I was a genuine fool dummy.

I got a mass of information and had hourly simple tests of my hearing, or rather my non-hearing faculty.

I was almost on the verge of nervous prostration from the strain of ceaseless precaution I had to exercise lest I reveal my hearing.

I was standing in the door of a shanty cookhouse in a camp, and, without a moment's warning down came about five gallons of cold water on my head and shoulders.

I shudder now when I think how near I came to cursing the Confederate soldiers who stood about to watch me.

Instead of saying a word, I gurgled a lot of inharmonious sounds of fright, and looked the more like a thing of wood.

In another camp I was squatting on the ground, mechanically showing my soaps and tobaccos, and playing deaf to the thousand and one questions artfully put to me, when I saw by a soldier's eye that some test of my hearing was to be made.

That moment I heard the click of a pistol being brought to cock. The weapon was discharged within three inches of my ear.

I never had to hold myself together more than then. I slowly turned my head and looked inquiringly about at the smoke of the discharge.

When I reached Gen. Johnson's main camp about Jackson, I knew that cruel I tests would be made. I had by that time gained nearly all the information I wished for Gen. Grant, and my plans were how to get back to the Federal lines.

I slept in a barn one night, remote from any camp, where I could have at least partial peace from the fear of soldiers watching to entrap me to my death. It is marvelous that I was not stark mad by that time. The next morning as I was getting out of the barn I saw several infantry soldiers out foraging. My actions had roused their suspicions.

I wrote on my slate that I was a Confederate peddler named Freeman on my way to Jackson to get new goods for selling to the boys in gray.

"Oh, that won't do," said of the soldiers. "I'll bet he's another Yank spy."

Then I learned from the conversation of my captors that two of the spies sent out from Grand Gulf at the time I was had been caught and hanged two days previous.

Try and imagine what my thoughts were as the soldiers marched me across a cotton field to the headquarters. In my four years of warfare that was the nearest I ever saw death before me. It seemed perfectly hopeless to brave out the ordeal I would have to undergo in the enemy's lines, without a pass in my pocket and no one to vouch for me.

I was taken to Gen. Kirby Smith's tent. The General was informed that I had been arrested without a pass, and that I was suspected of being a spy in the guise of a deaf and dumb peddler. Gen. Smith said nothing.

Two or three officers in his tent

went and whispered to him. I knew they were devising schemes to catch me if I were a spy in disguise.

I pulled myself together and looked absently about, as if I had never seen the interior of a tent in time of warfare. I knew that I was thoroughly suspected by all present.

One of the officers wrote me a message on a bit of paper. While I was writing an answer, the man started and ejaculated, "Look out!"

I wonder now that my hand did not start involuntarily. The officers and others were looking at it closely.

For some minutes there was a conversation on my slate concerning why I had no pass in the Confederate lines, whence I came and where I was going. I could see it was all done to disarm me of any fear I had.

An officer came forward and said: "This poor mute looks tired. It is a shame to keep him here." Then turning to me he smilingly said, "Are you hungry?"

It was a pretty ruse, but I simply stared at his epaulets.

Then they tried to make me pale, and it was a frightful test.

I was given a seat while Gen. Smith turned to other business, apparently forgetful of me. The other officers sat near me and smoked and chatted. Presently they began talking about some new orders that had been issued to hang every Federal spy immediately upon conviction. They talked about how two spies that had been hanged two days previous had acted, as they squirmed in death, and how the officers were looking for more spies to hang on the same spot.

My brain was in a whirl. Everything swam before my eyes, but I sat with my face turned up to the military diagrams and rules of camp on the tent wall before me.

More whispering followed. I wrote on my slate, "I am hungry and tired. Why do you keep me here?"

A Colonel wrote: "We think you are deceiving us. If you are, it will be death to you." He watched my face as I read the lines.

I wrote in reply: "I have a very hard time getting a living in this war. I am with the Confeds with all my soul. Please may I go."

In an hour I was taken to a shanty-like affair and locked in. A young man in Federal uniform was lying on the floor when I entered. He rose, and looking at me, said: "My goodness gracious, have they got you, too?"

I looked vacantly at him. I wrote that I was mute.

Then the stranger laughed and said:

"Oh, it won't do you any good to keep that trick up longer. We're going to die together as Union spies, and why not be resigned to it. I was caught day before yesterday, and I've been sentenced to be hanged. Now they'll wait for you to go with me. Ha, ha, we'll show the Rebs how Yankee boys can die game, won't we?"

It was a trying moment, and I did want to open my heart and mouth to such a jolly Federal man, while my case seemed pretty hopeless. I could not tell what opinion the man at Gen. Smith's headquarters had formed of my actions.

I wrote on my slate that I was a mute, and that it was useless to try to communicate with me except by signs or writing. But the stranger talked right along, and tried to appeal to my love for the Union cause. He would suddenly fling a very natural question at me.

Worn out and helpless as I was, I dared not doze even for a second that night. I knew my companion was feigning sleep also.

Along in the middle of the night, when I was purposely breathing deep and regularly, I heard some one enter. It was pitch dark. I was all attention, but still breathing deep. I heard a pistol drawn from its holster. Crash, bang! The weapon was fired an inch above my face. It seemed as if lightning had struck me.

At the same moment a dark lan-

tern was flashed in my face and my countenance studied.

I slowly opened my eyes at the light and rolled over as if to go to sleep.

The pseudo-Union soldier went out with the Confederates. I could hear them whispering about me and what reason there was to suspect me as a spy.

At 7 o'clock next morning I was led to the cook tent and given a meal. My satchel was restored to me. A Colonel came and shook me by the hand. He looked over my few remaining soaps, etc., and bought a little. Then turning to me he asked: "How much are these?" I believe my lower jaw did move. I was caught off my guard for a trice. But I never spoke and the Colonel was not looking at my face.

He wrote me a pass in the lines about Jackson, and just as he handed it to me he turned and said: "Let me see that again." My hand almost moved to obey such an agreeable gentleman. But instead I folded the paper and started on my way out of camp, knowing that I was watched covertly by scores of eyes.

That day I replenished my satchel in Jackson and started back by a circuitous road and toward the Federal lines. I had no further bother from the Confederates, and my gifts of tobacco to several officers whom I met made me friends.

I reached Grand Gulf at dawn on May 11. I was thanked for the information I had got for my army and a month later I was First Lieutenant in my company.

Of the 20 men who went as spies at that time, four were captured and three were hanged. One man was shot dead by a sentinel.

I was in Nashville, Tenn., in 1888, and I called upon Col. Jason Parker, who was on Gen. Smith's staff and who devised the attempts to catch me napping in my role as a dummy peddler. He recalled the circumstances clearly and we became fast friends. He said he was cock-sure when I started away from Gen. Smith's headquarters that I was a genuine deaf-mute and he had felt sorry for me in my affliction.

WILLIAM W. JEFFORDS,
Captain Company A., Thirty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Where Little Things Count.

Book-keeping has been reduced to such an exact science in the metropolitan banks that the clerks are expected to strike a correct balance at the close of each day's work, no matter if the transactions have run into the millions of dollars. When the books fail to balance, the whole force of the bank is put to work to discover the error, and no clerk starts for home until it has been discovered, whether it amounts to two cents or two thousand dollars. Generally a quarter of an hour will bring the mistake to light, but sometimes the hunt is kept up until late into the night.

Such a search was being conducted in a New York bank located in the vicinity of Wall Street. Forty-five cents were missing. At six o'clock not a trace of the errant sum had been discovered. Dinner was sent in for the whole force from an adjoining restaurant, and after half an hour's rest the search was again taken up. Midnight came, but still no clue, so sandwiches and coffee were served.

"Hello!" said a clerk. "The Blank National people are working to-night too. Guess they're in the same box."

Sure enough, the windows of the bank across the street were brilliantly lighted. The incident was soon forgotten when the wearying hunt after that forty-five cents was resumed. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning, as they were about to give up for the night, a loud rapping was heard at the front door of the bank.

"Hello! Hello! What's the matter?" called the cashier through the key-hole.

"Matter? Why, we have got your forty-five cents? Come along home to bed!"

Outside stood the crowd of clerks from the neighboring bank. It appeared that, in making a cash

transaction, one of the banks had paid the other forty-five cents too much. As a result half a hundred men had worked for nine hours, and the search was only ended then because a bright clerk, noticing the light in the bank opposite, shrewdly guessed the cause, hunted up the cash slip, and discovered the error.—Round Table.

A DISPUTED WILL.

It is a remarkable fact, upon which we have previously commented, that, although the teaching and training of the deaf is one of the most necessary of all philanthropic movements, the charitable bequests left for this object are, comparatively speaking, very few. And, when such bequests do happen to be made—well, if the deaf have the benefit of them, great is their good fortune!

For example, take the recent important case of the will of Edward Francis Gyde. The testator, who died on the 16th March, 1894, left, besides a legacy for the almshouses, the residue of his estate in trust for the erection and maintenance in the parish of Painswick, so soon as any land should at any time be given or obtained for the purpose, of an institution for orphan and poor blind and deaf and dumb children.

Note the condition—"So soon as any land should at any time be given or obtained for the purpose." On this condition all depends. The executors, feeling uncertain whether, in case of their failing to receive or obtain the necessary land, the money should revert to the next of kin, or be still devoted to charitable purposes, applied to the Chancery Court for a decision. For the next-of-kin it was argued that the bequests were particular ones, "which would or might be impossible to fulfill till a period that was obnoxious to the rule against perpetuities, and that therefore the gifts were void and there was an intestacy." Against this it was contended that "there was a general intention by the testator to devote the bequests to charitable purposes, and that the Court would apply the funds *cy-pres*, in case the particular object failed, or till it could be provided." The case was argued on the 13th of January, and decided by Mr. Justice North in favour of the heirs. "His Lordship in this will could find no general intention to devote the bequests to charitable purposes, and must therefore hold them void for remoteness." This decision affects about £120,000, £110,000 of which should have gone to the erection and maintenance of the institution for orphan poor blind and deaf and dumb children.—British Deaf Monthly.

Deaf-Mute Children.

SCHOOLS TO BE PROVIDED FOR THEM IN THIS CITY—WHAT THE RECENT ENUMERATION SHOWS.

Director of Schools Sargent has an important question upon his hands at present. The bill recently passed by the Ohio Legislature, providing for the establishment of schools in this city for deaf and dumb children must soon be carried out to the letter. The recent enumeration shows that there are 126 deaf-mute children between the ages of five and twenty years in this city. On the East Side, were of Willson avenue, eighteen boys and eighteen girls were found by the enumeration; on the East Side, east of Willson Avenue and north of Kingsbury Run, thirteen boys and thirteen girls were found; in the South End thirteen boys and eight girls were found; on the West Side, north of Walworth Run, ten boys and twelve girls; and south of Walworth Run eleven boys and ten girls were discovered by the school census takers. This gives a total of sixty-five boys and sixty-one girls.

During the summer vacation Director Sargent intends that the truant officers shall verify the work of the enumerators and ascertain whether or not the deaf-mutes will attend school. The society formed some time ago to assist these unfortunate children insist that there are 200 in the city.

It is a question with Director Sargent whether there should be several schools in the city for the deaf-mutes or but one. The State gives under the law, \$150 for the education of every deaf-mute in the city, whether or not he or she attends school. This means an annual income of \$18,900 for deaf-mute schools. The Director will present the question to the School Council next Monday night.—Cleveland Leader.

BOSTON.

GRADUATION AT THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL—RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES CLOSE FOR THE SEASON—NOTES.

For the first time in the history of the Horace Mann School, we hear that they are awarding diplomas to graduates. This morning at the school house on Newberry Street, the boys and girls presented an interesting programme, before a large number of friends. The address was made by Miss Kate Gannett Wells, of the State Board of Education. Miss Eva May Arno gave the class prophecy. Mrs. Dr. Keller, presented diplomas to the following graduates: Eva May Arno, Mary Ellen Ryan, Mabel Ellen Thompson, and James Henry Sullivan.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society has closed its doors for the season yesterday, as also did St. Mary's Catholic Society. At the latter place a variety of fruits were distributed, and all had a pleasant farewell. The writer wishing to get a good report of the Catholic lawn party on June 17th, started with five others for Brighton early in the afternoon, but were detained about two hours in Charlestown owing to the long procession, arriving in Brighton, found that the said party had been given up a week or so before out of respect to Mr. Murphy's brother, who died a short time ago.

At Miss Teele's party an enjoyable time was had, although the attendance was small.

Miss Kate Miller, of Thompsonville, Conn., is visiting in and around Boston. She has for an escort Mr. W. K. Chase, they visited the Crescent Beach last Saturday, and had a delightful time. Sunday they visited Brighton, and called on Mr. and Mrs. White and Mrs. Murphy. Miss Miller has travelled much in the West, and Mrs. White had an interesting chat with her about her old home in Ohio, which she has not heard much about in years, and Miss Miller furnished her a good deal of information. The two ladies became such talkers that when the time for leave taking came, they had to be almost dragged apart.

A deaf-mute named Hackman died recently in Cambridgeport.

Henry A. Acheson announces his marriage to a Batavia, N. Y., lady.

Mrs. Ira Derby has gone to Connecticut to attend the wedding of her cousin, and on her return home will have for her guest Miss Kate Miller, who will pass the Fourth of July with her.

Mr. W. . . Kemp, of Quincy, is a stone cutter by trade, but has a natural talent for oil painting. If he had all the opportunities of many artists in the beginning, he would be a well known artist today, but in spite of all he has learned to paint, and has succeeded so well that some of his pictures have sold for good prices.

St. Mary's Society will have a picnic this summer, the place and date not yet decided. PRY.

June 27, 1898.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

The proceedings of the Philadelphia Convention of the National Association of the Deaf will soon be ready to mail to members. Persons desiring copies, or members desiring extra copies, should place that order at once with the undersigned. Only a limited number of copies will be printed, and these will be disposed of at cost price of twenty cents a copy, post paid.

JAMES H. CLOUD,
Chairman Executive Committee,
1841 Madison Ave.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding eye,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE deaf of the State of New Jersey failed to assemble at Asbury Park, on the 2d of July, in sufficient numbers to insure a meeting of their State Association, consequently, the few that were on hand, which included the president, the secretary and the treasurer, retired from the hall with the announcement that no meeting would be held this year.

Principal Jenkins was there ready to interpret, and "Founder" Bradley was prepared to make an address, but, of course, both these gentlemen were obliged to forego their very kind intentions of aiding and encouraging the deaf of the State of New Jersey.

That no meeting was held is a fact to be deplored, and it is feared will work harm upon organized effort by the deaf in the future. The impression will be engendered that the deaf as class are of no account, have no influence, and lack that unity which might bring them a certain degree of power in State and municipal affairs.

No better place for a convention could have been selected, and no more suitable hall can be conceived of than that which was placed free at their disposal.

Some think the date had a deterrent effect; and others hold to the opinion that the proposed meeting had not been sufficiently advertised. Whatever the cause, the deaf of New Jersey have made one mighty stride backward, and it will take a long time to recover the ground lost.

THE story that comes from Chicago about a 14-year-old deaf-mute boy, named McRea, seems to point to a case of imposture. His story and the circumstances do not harmonize with the conditions of a deaf-mute. One who is deaf, does not go around with a musical instrument in his possession. Moreover there is no deaf-mute school in Brooklyn named the St. Vincent School for deaf-mutes. We think a little questioning by some one acquainted with the deaf would develop the fact that the boy can hear, and, in the language of a New York magistrate, prove that he is "a very good fakir but a bad egg."

THIS is the first attempt of our new office boy, aged ten, and his second day's struggle in solving the mystery of printing:—

Jacob Lovitch is a very good boy

He is about three and a half feet in height, and by standing on his tiptoes can just peer into the space box. When he sets type he stands on a chair, and has to climb on the lower case to reach the "cap" case boxes.

Cuba has not been taken in a day, neither will our young apprentice become a Franklin in a short time, but we predict for him success.

It costs only a dollar a year to read the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. If you want to get the news about the deaf, subscribe for it. There are other papers, of course, that print all the news some of the time, and some of the news all of the time; but the JOURNAL prints all of the news all of the time.

FANWOOD.

Vacation Time in and Around Fanwood.

TO WASHINGTON AND TO COLUMBUS.

The Vacation of Officers Begins -- Seven are Off on the First--Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Out of a total of four hundred and sixty names on the roster, during the school year—there are now remaining here twenty-seven, fourteen girls and thirteen boys. This does not include the five little boys of the Kindergarten at the Mansion House. The time spent by these pupils is made up largely in pursuing their trades in the trades school, and when released therefrom, there are many diversions, which they manage to indulge in to while away the time. At present, on account of the excessive heat, they prefer to loiter around in an easy attitude, reading the news of the war, or watching some one give a narration of some daring exploits on the part of our invading army in Cuba. The other evening, some one told them of the manner in which the captain of the battleship Iowa obtained the nickname of "fighter," and so graphically did he illustrate it that the boys felt a thrill of patriotism course through their veins.

The work on the various parts of the buildings, that had previously been mapped out, is progressing rapidly. Already the painters have completed their work on the boys upper dormitory, and are well underway with the lower. Painters are attending to the class rooms, and the scrubbing brigade has completed many of the other rooms of the school wing.

The foundation of the porch on the north end of the school building is receiving attention, in the vernacular of the architect, *underpinning*, it having gradually depressed under the constant rains that prevailed last season.

The vacation of the officers has arrived at last. The first to go are: Misses Divine and Craig, who will hie themselves away to the Quaker City of the Key Stone State.

Tutor C. W. Van Tassel, Jr., left for his vacation, which he will spend in Tarrytown and the adjacent section.

Prof. E. S. Burdick left Monday for Rome, N. Y., where he will embark into matrimony on Wednesday. After a tour of a week, he and his new helpmate will go to their father's farm at Crown Point, N. Y.

A large tulip tree that stood in front of the old laundry, east of the school building, was cut down last Wednesday by gardener Kempton.

Prof. Jones now conducts religious services on Sundays for the pupils remaining here, on the front piazza overlooking the Hudson River.

Night Supervisor King left for Ithaca, N. Y., with his wheel, and will make runs through Cayuga, Co.

Principal Currier, Prof. T. F. Fox, and Misses Fayette Peck and McGill, left Wednesday for Washington, D. C., to attend the National Association Convention. At the conclusion of this meeting, Principal Currier leaves for Columbus, Ohio, to attend the National Convention of Instructors of the Deaf.

Steward and Matron Wilcox and son Roe, left Friday night for Connecticut. They took with them their pet horse and rig, intending to make drives over the Connecticut Valley and surrounding country for four weeks.

Mr. Walter W. Cook, who for the past five months was employed as night supervisor at the Mansion House, was transferred to the power house.

Physical Director Cook left Wednesday for a seven weeks' sojourn at Chautauque Lake, N. Y.

Prof. W. G. Jones is now the possessor of a beautiful hare-hound, a gift to him. It was formerly in the possession of Mrs. H. H. Meiner, wife of the millionaire chocolate manufacturer.

The national anniversary of our country was observed in a very quiet way here. All work was suspended, and the little boys enjoyed themselves firing off fire crackers. In the afternoon they took a walk over the Washington Bridge and Croton Aqueduct. Owing to the excessive heat the little girls remained at home. Aside from the noise made by the boys, one would hardly believe it was the glorious day when young America is let loose. Messrs. Keiser and Muench hid themselves at fishing, in the evening they brought home a basket full of clams, but fishes (?) Well! they were as plentiful as flies around the bung-hole of a molasses barrel in June.

Saturday last marked the twentieth, or China Wedding, of Principal and Mrs. Currier. Like-

wise Sunday was the same of Prof. and Mrs. W. G. Jones. We extend our hearty congratulations to both. And hope they will be spared to enjoy many more.

W. G. SHANKS.

BALTIMORE.

(From our Baltimore Correspondent.)

This community was much shocked to learn of the death of Mr. Charles Peregroty two weeks ago. The combined efforts of several doctors and the most careful nursing proved unavailing. He died of Bright's disease after eight months' illness. The funeral took place on Monday last and interment was in Greenmount Cemetery, in the family plot. Rev. Mr. Powell and Rev. O. J. Whildin officiated. The pall bearers were Messrs. A. C. Buxton, H. J. Gill, Harry Bell, J. Stubbs, Geo. W. Boss and John Kavanagh.

The beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Briscoe, who has been confined to his room since January, was called to rest on Thursday, June 30th. Funeral took place last Saturday and Rev. Sumwalt officiated. The body was buried in Baltimore Cemetery.

The following resolutions were adopted by a committee of three, appointed at the business meeting of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His all-wise wisdom to remove from our midst, James W. Briscoe, a member of this Society;

WHEREAS, This Society has recognized him as an active worker, a man of excellent qualities and courteous bearing, and an honored member of this Society; therefore, be it,

Resolved, That we bow in submission to the will of Providence.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved father, mother, sister and brother, in their affliction, our warmest and most affectionate sympathies, with the abiding hope and trust that the same power that has upheld the son, as he passed through the "Valley of the Shadow" shall comfort them and give them strength to say "Thy will be done."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them, and that they be published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the DEAF-MUTES' REGISTER and the MARYLAND BULLETIN.

Signed, A. C. Buxton, Chairman, H. J. Gill, Secretary, WM. McELROY.

Mr. John Bull has gone to Cockeysville, Md., to live with his brother.

Rev. O. J. Whildin will size up Philadelphia on the 13th of July, and expects to attend the excursion to Atlantic City.

For the benefit of deaf-mutes outside of Maryland, we will say a few words about our coming convention. The Third Convention of the Maryland State Association of the Deaf will open in the hall of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, on Madison Street near Calvert Street, at 10 o'clock A.M., Tuesday, August 2d, and continue in session until Friday, August 5th.

The programme of sessions and pleasures for the week is substantially as follows:—
Tuesday, August 2: 10 A.M.—2 P.M.—8 P.M., Convention.
Photographs of the association will be taken after one of the adjournment.

Wednesday, August 3. All day excursion to Annapolis, under the auspices of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf. Fare, 50 cents; children, 25 cents.
Thursday, August 4th. Picnic at Druid Hill Park, Grove No. 8.
Friday, August 5th. Convention 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. In the evening a general banquet will be held at Hotel Lexington, opposite City Hall. Tickets, \$1.50.

Committee on Transportation:—A. C. Buxton (chairman), H. T. Reamy, J. A. Brandlick.

Committee on Arrangements:—A. C. Buxton (chairman), J. A. Brandlick, Wm. McElroy.

Committee on Reception:—James H. Mooney (chairman), P. C. Boss, J. E. Fowble.

Committee on Banquet:—Wm. McElroy (chairman), Harry J. Gill, Fred Lurmann.

Anything in connection with this event can be known through Mr. A. C. Buxton, secretary, whose address is 437 East 25th Street.

We notice that Mr. Buxton has been working hard, and we hope he will be greatly rewarded by hearing that the convention proved to be a grand success. MYRTLE.

LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS' OUTING.

Next Thursday, July 14th, is the date—and Highland Beach the place. You know it. Good!

The boat leaves promptly—don't forget that either.

The best place to get on the boat is at West 13th Street Pier. The boat stops there all night, and will leave promptly at 8.20 A.M.

At the Battery pier the boat will only wait just long enough to take on passengers, and if the limit is reached the surplus will get "left," besides you are apt to get confused, as at the Battery landing several boats also land, so be wise and be on land at West 13th Street Pier.

Do not afraid to purchase tickets in advance, because the committee will get a postponement if it rains, and announce the same in this paper.

Come all of you—old and young. If one boat is not large enough we will get two. The Beach is a desirable place for an outing.

THE COMMITTEE.

CHICAGO.

The Strange Case of James Rae.

NEW ENGLAND'S ORATOR

Chicago Sized-Up by a Hoosier Boy.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sanson, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

The strange case of James Rae is attracting much attention in the Police and Humane Society circles here.

His case is enough to furnish material for a novel in the hands of a Stevenson. On June 14th, this fourteen year old boy was found on the door steps of Dr. Guerin, 3211 Wabash Avenue, having travelled from New York, and been without food for two days. He made his communication by writing.

His story was that he had run away from school in Brooklyn, and by inducement of a railroad ticket and ten dollars in cash by a stranger had come on to Chicago. Finally he landed in the Woodlawn Police Station. Your JOURNAL reporter called there, and was informed that the boy had been sent to the Detention Hospital in charge of the Visitation and Aid Society. He is believed to be an impostor, as he played a harmonica with him and played it till it was stolen from him. Still this is not strange, as mutes have been known to be the possessors of musical instruments. A well-educated mute could easily tell if he was an impostor or not.

The Rev. A. W. Mann visits Chicago, July 10th. The usual services will be held at the Michigan Avenue and 26th Street Church, as follows: Holy Communion at 11 A.M.; afternoon service, 3 P.M.

There was a big surprise on Saturday, July 2d, when the daily papers failed to be seen on the streets. The cause was a strike by the stereotypers. People had to resort to the telegraph office and newspaper bulletin-board for the latest war movements on sea and land. The cutting of the water supply could not have caused a greater surprise.

Ben Frank recovered from confinement to a sick room in time to suggest that the Corresponding Secretary notify the members of the Pas-a-Pas Club that the business meeting of the club had been postponed from July 2d to 9th. As there are fifty members, it made the "C. S." a bit tired.

President Crane of the N. E. G. Association invited Mr. Henry C. White to deliver the Oration at the convention, and he has accepted.—Boston Correspondence to the JOURNAL.

Mr. Crane made no mistake in making the selection. We hope that Classmate Harry will give out his oration through the JOURNAL. Possibly he will go through a reading of MacCaulay before he makes the attempt in order to bring it up to the standard of Burke, Fox or Pitt. Joking aside, the New England Gallaudet Association can boast of some fine orators, who received their training in the College "Lit." and from contact with Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, the acknowledged master of the sign language. Prof. Hotchkiss' oration some years ago at Hartford will stand close scrutiny, and succeeding orations must be of a high quality in order to come up to this one. To the task Mr. White will bring qualifications gathered from a wide range of reading, and familiarity with his subject. I predict a pleasant surprise for all interested in the coming convention.

After knocking around for some time, Mr. Edwards has at last secured employment in Maywood in a tin-can establishment, with another deaf-mute, Mr. Kohn, of Denver. Evidently he thinks printing is played out. In case he joins the club, he is pledged to the side of the "Reds." Some hustling has been done by the latter that we always see vistas of the coming banquet December 31st, coming out of the pocket of the "B'nes." Awake, Jacob, and hustle.

In the club meeting a member kept explaining about the newspaper strike, how the stereotypers wanted an increase of from \$3.25 to \$4 a day, with reduction of hours from 8 to 7, and 75 cents per hour for over work. This was explained to every member that dropped in, till some one told him that his remarks were getting "stereotyped." He collapsed.

Your compositor makes Mr. Gibson appear in the lamp business. It should read *Clamp*. Of course as former reporter of the *Register* and the *JOURNAL* he has been a great lamp, shedding light on all topics he has discussed, a sort of Dupe Acetylene gas lamp, so to speak, but in plain business he only manufactures CLAMPS. Hope the distinction is understood.

Is it you, Ted? How have you been feeling since the great foot race among the hills of Dr. Peet's

school when the Fanwood youngsters were decided to have beaten the city relay, of which you and I were members? Where is the gallant Rose? The doughty Le Clercq? Well, wasn't it a great affair? I see we all have become mercury-footed wheelmen since then.

The following letter explains itself:

CHICAGO, ILL., July 5, 1896.
DEAR AUNT,
WANATAH, IND.

I arrived in this big city safe, and my neck is very sore from gazing at the tops of the skyscrapers here. Yesterday was the 4th and I rode on my wheel to Windsor Beach with two friends. I had a big time. I ate sandwiches with hot frankfurts in them, I drank lemonade, pop, ginger and ice cream soda. We had a lot of fun. I checked and I got a bathing suit for 25 cents. When I had put my blue suit on and walked to the water, three girls giggled at me. What was their fun do you say? We swam and dived and rolled off a log. A man in red tights mounted the tower, 100 feet high and fell off into the water, first turning a somersault. The tourist boat landed at the wharf. I had great fun. Will write again what I see here.

Your affectionate nephew,
"FRED SMITH."

NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.

The convention of the New Jersey Association of Deaf-Mutes, which was to occur at Asbury Park, on July 2d, proved a fizzle.

Messrs. Lloyd, Porter and Cook were the only members on hand at the hour set for the opening, so after a good wait for other members, the hall was abandoned.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, of New York, who are spending a week at Asbury, were present and went away, both amused and disappointed.

During the afternoon, Messrs. Charles Hummer, John Ward, and King, appeared, but they left for home in the evening.

The following is the address President Lloyd had prepared for the occasion:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It becomes my duty to call to order the Second Biennial Convention of the Deaf-Mutes of New Jersey. It is a pleasure to call it to meet at this beautiful place by the sea.

Every educated adult of deaf-mute of New Jersey should be a member of this association which this meeting represents. No selfish considerations, such as might be suggested by the question, "What good will the Association do me personally?" should enter any thought. The object of the association is to advance the welfare of the deaf-mutes of New Jersey and, incidentally, the welfare of deaf-mutes everywhere. It expects and seeks no aid for its own members as such, but to do good for others.

For more than five thousand years, the deaf-mute was regarded as an inferior man; he was and is socially ostracized. St. Augustine even asserted that they were incapable of salvation, for inasmuch as "faith cometh by hearing," they could have no faith without hearing and hence it was impossible for the deaf to please God. But all this is changed. There are to-day schools for the deaf-mute in every civilized state. In the United States alone there are ninety schools, giving instruction to 11,900 pupils. The value of their education and the amount of the work they do is incalculable. The deaf-mute of to-day is no longer a social outcast, but a citizen of the State. He is no longer a pauper, but a man of means. He is no longer a beggar, but a man of honor. He is no longer a social outcast, but a man of honor. He is no longer a pauper, but a man of means. He is no longer a beggar, but a man of honor.

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hearing people who go to see the commencement exercises at our schools wish to see an exhibit of it, and they admire the pantomime of a graceful sign maker.

There are deaf men in our land and in Europe,—men holding university degrees and other degrees in prominent positions who can read the lips well and speak well, who use signs unreservedly in their intercourse with each other, simply because it is the easiest and most convenient method for deaf people to converse and they advocate the use of signs in addressing large assemblies, for the reasons that I have given. To advocate the total extinction of the sign language under all circumstances, in opposition of the testimony and wishes of the deaf themselves who know all about it, must be attributed to unaccountable presumption. We like the manual alphabet well enough, but only a person blessed with good eyesight and untiring eyes can follow it long. The circle of delivery is too small to watch long. Yet there is not an educated deaf-mute in the land who undervalues the importance of speech and lip-reading as an acquisition. They acknowledge that a deaf person, who can speak intelligibly and understand something of the speech addressed to him, has generally a great advantage over that deaf person who does not know how to speak. Hence, they wish these accomplishments to be taught in all schools for the deaf.

There were more New Yorkers present than Jerseyites.

Messrs. Pach, Soper, Lounsbury, and Hodgson went to Long Branch by boat and thence a wheel to Ocean Grove, the two first by the Patten Line, and the latter by the Iron Steamboat Company's line. On this latter boat Messrs. I. Golland, J. B. Gass and J. Jehnes were passengers.

Clarence Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., was at the Grove.

All stopped at the Norman House, and the proprietor, Mrs. Priest, gave them a hearty welcome and good entertainment.

Mr. A. Capelli and Miss C. Brautigan went down on the 3d, to Ocean Grove, thence to Pleasure Bay, returning the same evening to New York.

On Saturday evening, a party, consisting of Messrs. Lloyd, Porter, Pach, Heyman, Soper, S. M. Brown, Lounsbury, Rose, Gass, Jehnes, Golland, and Hodgson, went by trolley to Pleasure Bay and saw the fireworks.

Most of the New Yorkers returned by the Patten Line on Sunday evening.

A WAR SHIP'S NAVIGATOR.

THE OFFICER WHO MUST BE A SCIENTIST AS WELL AS A SAILOR—HIS DUTIES AND THE TRUST REPOSED IN HIM—MUST BE A LEVEL-HEADED MAN ALSO—NAVAL COMMANDERS WHO HAVE FILLED THE PLACE SUCCESSFULLY.

It is doubtful if any officer in the navy, aside from an absolute command, involves so vast a responsibility as that of navigator of a man-of-war. The duties of this important station in former years fell to officers of the rank of master, but with the abolition of that grade its affairs developed upon the lieutenants holding the highest numbers on the list. Upon the navigator of a warship depends not only the task of shaping the vessel's course for any point across the seas to which destinies may direct her, but also the responsibility of piloting her in and out of harbor and selecting safe anchorage for her in every port visited during the period of her cruise. Hence it follows that, combined with a thorough nautical training, the competent navigator must be possessed of a vast fund of geographical, meteorological and hydrographical knowledge. While at sea he must know the vessel's position to a degree, which necessitates his taking frequent observations of the celestial bodies and making solutions of intricate problems in geometry and trigonometry, such as constantly arise through deviations brought about by innumerable causes from her given course.

Unquestionably the most important element in navigation, because of its infallibility under ordinary conditions, in determining the latitude, longitude and error in the ship's compass, is what is known in maritime phraseology as "nautical astronomy." With the aid of a sextant or quadrant for measuring the altitude of the heavenly bodies above the horizon or their distance from each other, a timepiece to mark the instant of an observation, a chronometer to show the time at the first meridian, a nautical almanac and an azimuth compass, the navigator can readily determine his position with the utmost exactitude, thus obviating uncertainties resulting from the more simple but less accurate method of dead reckoning.

The average voyage is more or less characterized by erroneous estimate in distances sailed, in varying currents, careless steering, deviation in the compass, and numerous other obstacles, and upon the navigator rest the responsibility of adjusting such errors. In long passages across the open sea the navigator is governed by a rather complex combination of motives, which may be summed up as follows: To cover the required distance in the shortest space of time, with the smallest expenditure of fuel and the least wear and tear of the vessel that is possible.

With these objects in view, the navigator must, prior to sailing, superintend personally the stowing of the hold, the arrangement of ballast, water, provisions, stores, etc., and the inspection and adjustment of the motive appliances of the ship, all of which features,

severally and collectively, greatly affect her speed and seaworthiness. If his vessel possesses the facilities for making sail, he must, while at sea, exercise the keenest judgment and foresight as to utilizing the same, for sail used to good advantage is a great saver of coal, while otherwise, if used indiscriminately, it may entail much loss of time. The expert navigator draws the line with exceeding fineness between a high fair wind and a gale, making the most of the former as long as his vessel is not jeopardized, heaving her to at just the proper period and getting under way again at the first sign of moderation in the weather. The commander of a warship reposes the utmost confidence in a skilled and careful navigator, and rarely interferes with his plans. Another of the numerous details coming under the navigator's supervision is the keeping of the ship's log. This is commenced by him at the time the vessel is placed in commission, and its pages record the events of each succeeding day. There is absolutely nothing which transpires, officially, on board of a man-of-war that is not written in the log, and each day the navigator must carry it to the commanding officer for his inspection. At the expiration of every six months the ship's log must be closed and forwarded to the Navy Department at Washington, where it is placed among the records.

The navigator is provided with a large and varied assortment of instruments and appliances designed to facilitate his work. While in port he is often detailed to make surveys of portions of the coast line which may be defective upon the charts, or to determine the exact location of rocks or shoals which hitherto have not been marked with sufficient accuracy. The hydrographic office at Washington is largely indebted to the scientific achievements of the navigating officers of the navy for the valuable data it is enabled to furnish to the maritime world, and too much praise cannot be accorded them for the infallibility which invariably distinguishes their reports. The navigator has charge of all the various weather indicators of the vessels, and must render quarterly reports of all meteorological observations. These are taken at regular intervals by the quartermasters of the watch and fully entered upon the ship's log. The navigator must regularly inspect the steering gear, compasses, anchor and chain cables of the ship, and daily report their condition to the commanding officer. He must also keep a separate book in which are recorded all calculations relating to the navigation of the vessel, and in which no erasures are permitted to be made. At the expiration of the cruise this book is forwarded to the Bureau of Navigation.

The duties of a navigating officer are more than sufficient to fully occupy his time, but, notwithstanding this fact, he frequently stands his watch at sea, while in port he is ex-officio the executive officer during the latter's absence from the vessel.

In addition to the foregoing responsibilities, he is the ordnance officer of the ship, and, while the mechanical work of this department is looked after by the gunner and his assistants, he must be thoroughly in touch with its affairs. In action the navigator figures as an important factor, handling and maneuvering the ship throughout the battle under the direction of the commanding officer.

Many of the ranking officers of the navy who are celebrated at the present day owe their ascension to fame to their early ability as navigators. Principal among these may be cited the former chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Admiral Francis M. Ramsay, who while holding the rank of the lieutenant, won for himself the distinction of being the most accomplished navigating officer in the service. His marked ability in the particular line secured for him an important command at the breaking out of the rebellion, opening up opportunities in which he acquitted himself with great distinction. His war record reads like a veriscope of brilliant naval exploits.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

JULY.
14-7.30 P.M., Canton, Ohio. Service at St. Paul's Church.
15-All day, Youngstown. Picnic at Mill's Creek, Park, with lecture at 3 P.M.
15-8 P.M., Youngstown. Service at St. John's Church on Wick Avenue.
16-7.30 P.M., Erie. Service in the Chapel of St. Paul's Church.
17-10.30 A.M., Cleveland. Holy Communion, St. Agnes Mission. Grace House.
17-3.30 P.M., Cleveland. Evening Service and Infant baptism.
17-7.30 P.M., Place to be announced later.
20-7.30 P.M., Columbus. Service, Trinity Chapel.
27-9.30 A.M., Columbus. Opening of the Ninth Conference of Church Workers Among the Deaf, at Trinity Chapel. Holy Communion.
27-1.30 A.M., Columbus. Organization of the Conference at Trinity House, Broad Street.
27-8 P.M., Columbus. Reception at Trinity House.
28-9 A.M. to 1 P.M., Columbus. Attending the Conference.
28-3 P.M., Columbus. At the Opening of the Teachers' Convention.
28-Evening, Columbus. Reception.
31-11 A.M., Columbus. Holy Communion, and closing of the conference.
Appointments may be made between the above dates, of which due notice will be given by mail. Write the Rev. A. W. Mann at Gambier, Ohio.

STATE OF OHIO.

Corbin G. Alkire Becomes a Benedict.

TEACHERS AND PUPILS GO TO WASHINGTON.

Vacation Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

We met Mr. Corbin G. Alkire, on the street one day last week, and from the tenor of his replies to our questions concluded that his marriage was still a question of several months' time. Judge of our surprise in reading the following in Wednesday evening's Press.

A language of love will be necessary in the case of Corbin G. Alkire, of Mt. Sterling, O., and Miss Clara Liggett, of Toronto, O., who were married Wednesday morning by Rev. W. S. Eagleson, at his residence, 601 Oak Street. Both the contracting parties are deaf-mutes and for several years were pupils at the local institution for the Deaf and Dumb, leaving it a year ago. The foundation for the regard that led to so happy a culmination to-day was laid while both were pupils, and has been expanding with pleasing persistence ever since.

Miss Liggett was one of the most charming young ladies at the institution and a general favorite, while her husband is well remembered for the genial good nature that characterized his every action. Both are comfortably endowed with worldly goods, and save the absence of an adequate means of expression to the world at large are most admirably fitted for the battle of life. The bride is the daughter of a well-known business man of Toronto, and Mr. Alkire's father is a banker at Mt. Sterling. The groom has his residence already furnished.

The party reached the city early Wednesday, accompanied by quite a party of friends and relatives, and at once sought Rev. Eagleson. The ceremony was uniquely performed in the deaf and dumb sign language, in which Rev. Eagleson is an adept. The party soon after the ceremony went to the Nell House for dinner and left immediately afterward for Mt. Sterling, where the couple will reside. Those composing the party were:

Corbin G. Alkire and wife, W. H. Alkire and wife, A. S. Alkire and wife, C. T. Alkire and wife, Mrs. J. F. Zahn and son, T. S. Alkire and wife, Mrs. Mary W. Taylor, Mrs. Courtney Tanner and daughters, Ellis and Wilda, and Miss Essie Alkire, of Mt. Sterling, O.; Miss Georgia Liggett, sister of the bride, of Toronto, and Misses Lillie and Bessie McFadden, of this city.

We join in extending congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple, as all their friends will upon learning of their marriage.

This institution will be represented at the National Education Association meeting in Washington, D. C., next week, both by teachers and an exhibition of speech-teaching to children who have been receiving instruction for the past two years. The following are the pupils: Fannie Rumsey, Maud Hoskinson, Irene Krouse, Emma Newman, James McGratta, and Roscoe Lichty.

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones and their daughter Marjorie will go along, also the following teachers: Mrs. Mansner, Miss Boggs, Miss Oharra, Miss Liggett, Mrs. Gipson, wife of trustee Gipson, and daughter Blanche, of Upper Sandusky; also Miss Annie Lowery, of Cincinnati.

Miss Mary Henry is the latest addition to the bindery force, taking the place of Miss Cora Dickson.

Miss Henry was a pupil of the institution here for several years up to 1892, when she was transferred to the school at Buffalo, and has just completed the course there. She resides in this city.

Miss Lizzie Hewitt leaves to-day for Bedford, near Cleveland, where she will visit friends, and in Cleveland which is near. She will be absent for about a month.

Miss Mary Fowles also leaves to-day for a week's visit at South Charleston, Jeffersonville, and Washington Court House. On the 4th, in company with Mr. Hines and family, they will go over to the latter place to pass the day with friends and have a royal good time.

Miss Nora Patterson is back at her place in the bindery, after a week's pleasant visit with friends in Cleveland.

Beginning to-day, Mr. C. W. Charles, foreman of the Printing Office, will close up shop and leave it to its own self while he is off on a vacation lasting until the 21st inst. He first goes to Cleveland, where he will pass a week with old friends, after that he will himself over to the camp at Cedar Point and try his luck at fishing with the other boys. By the way, the finny tribe had better keep within cover while he is there or they will surely be landed, for he is an adept fisherman. From camp, Mr. Charles will run over to Ada for a few days' visit with his sister.

Appearances indicate that the forthcoming convention of American instructors of the Deaf to be held here, July 28th to August 4th, is going to be largely attended. All the railroad associations excepting the New England have granted reduced rates. There will be a living exhibition of school work, orally and combined daily and schools for the deaf are invited to bring children for such work. There will also be exhibits of school and shop work. Principally Patterson has just completed arranging a big pile of examination papers

for this school, which will be bound and placed on exhibition during the convention. There will also be shown work done by pupils in the shops.

Mrs. Joseph Leib and children left Columbus this morning for the home of her parents near Kenton, O. They will remain for a month or so, enjoying life and the good things found on a farm home. July 2, '98. A. B. G.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., NEWS.

Mr. Ellsworth Brown has bought a '98 Syracuse wheel for himself. Perhaps he will enter the races at one of the Onondaga Lake resorts next August, where the picnic of the New York Central Deaf-Mutes will be held. He has begun to train. He thinks he will get a good place.

Mr. James Doran possesses a new Frontenac wheel. He is getting to be a clever rider.

Mr. Eugene Hamlin, well-known to the Oneida deaf-mutes, is staying with his brother on Cedar Street.

Mr. Edward Killoran, of this city, a '98 graduate of the Rome School, is working in the Frazer & Jones foundry now.

Mr. Fred Foster started to ride in a ten-mile race which the Ensign Wheel Club held last Friday afternoon, but after two miles he fell off, so he gave up.

Mr. Jesse Kenyon, of Baldwinville, N. Y., is laid off for a while, owing to the lack of orders. He said he would have to look for work soon.

Mr. Charles D. Gibbs has quit the furniture shop at Whitesboro, and spent two days here with his friends. He said he would go home to Sodus and take a rest for one month. He is anxious to get a job in Rochester where he used to work several years ago.

Mr. Lincoln Ellis, of Cortland, N. Y., was a guest here lately.

Miss Emma Miller, of this city, having been visiting in Eldridge with her friend, Miss Clara Tibbitts, is home now, and reported she had lots of fun there.

Mr. John Geary, employed in the knife factory at Phoenix, called on his friends here a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Keller have moved from Cortland Avenue to Kirkpatrick and Third North Street, where they are renting a small cottage. Jesse Beckman, the sister of Mrs. Keller, is staying with her.

Mrs. Edward Styz, the sister of Mr. George D. Connor, is coming here on a vacation.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Connor a party was given in honor of their guest, Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, of Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday night of last week. Mrs. Dantzer longed to know the progressive ways of the whist club, so that she will be able to begin one in her city. Mr. George and Mrs. Dantzer, the winners, got a plated cracker dish, a cream pitcher and a sugar bowl. The booby prizes, a purse and a preserve dish, were given to Mr. Fred Foster and Mrs. Henry Rider. Ice-cream and cakes were served, and the rest of the evening was pleasantly passed in games and social intercourse. The attendants were as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rider, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Miles, Dr. Ware, of Baldwinville; Mrs. C. O. Dantzer and two little sons, Orvis and Frederick; Mrs. Conlon, Mrs. Josephine Chandler, Messrs. Edward T. Murphy, Jessie Kenyon, Thomas Bremner and Fred Foster. Misses Morgan, Bemis and Harris, of Malone, N. Y.; Laura M. Krause, Jessie Beckman, Nellie and Mary Butler, Anna McGowan, Mamie Daley and Josephine Blaum. Mrs. Dantzer took her departure the next day.

Miss Bemis is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rider, of Palmer Street, for a while.

Miss Harris is on a visit to an aunt on Garfield Avenue.

The annual Central New York Picnic will be held at Pleasant Beach on August 13, but as it has little attraction for the deaf-mutes, it is conceded that they will land at Long Branch in the morning after which they will attend the games for prizes in the afternoon. A good time is expected.

Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown has returned home after a two weeks' visit to her relatives in Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Conlon, who is staying with her sisters on Harrison Street, expects to go to the country some time before July.

There is a good number of deaf-mute cyclists here. Their favorite ride is along the shores of Onondaga Lake, which has fine roads and scenery all the way along.

STAR POINTER.

June 27, '98.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, July 24, at 400 Humboldt Street, Brooklyn, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Peter Adler and Miss Mary Brown.

The man who stands for God is safe to stand alone.

The gospel means not law over men, but love in them.

Temptation is the balance where character is weighed.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Commencement at the College.

DEPARTING FOR HOME.

Where Some Will Spend the Summer--Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., June 27.—Just one more letter, to wind up business, though no longer at the dear old place which has been almost a home for five long—and yet so short—years.

Commencement took place Wednesday, the 23d, not the elaborate ceremonial of other colleges, that was our Presentation Day, but a simple though important and impressive occasion. First the reading of the Roll of Honor of the Kendall School, the Valedictory, and lastly the giving of diplomas, which closed and rewarded five years of long, hard work, and ushered seven young men and five young women out of the sheltering halls of college into the cold practical world, where they must learn to "go it alone," ushered an even dozen of fledglings into the fold of the alumni, whence they must now look down with inexpressible scorn on the undergraduate who ventures to think himself a man.

After presenting the diplomas, with cordial wishes for the success of the recipients, President Gallaudet announced that for this year's class was issued the largest number of diplomas, giving the degree of B. A., in the history of the college. For the first time, each member of the class attained the highest degree, and though future classes may exceed in number of degrees, and such result is to be hoped for, the class of '98 is now the banner class of the college.

On the platform were seen, besides President Gallaudet, the familiar figure of John B. Wright, Secretary of the Board of Directors, and Commissioner of the District, his arms laden with diplomas, which Dr. Gallaudet took from him and presented by twos and threes; also Rev. Jas. H. Cloud, '86, who pronounced the benediction. Revs. J. M. Koehler, ex-'84, and O. J. Whildin, '92, were also present, and later the three ministers partook of "college grub" at the seniors' table and aided in the disappearance of the luscious watermelon. In the evening Mr. Cloud preached in the city.

Monday evening was played the deciding game of the concluding match in the Kendall Green handicap tennis tournament. Prof. Ely won from Mr. Hall, and with it third position. After the match the prizes were awarded. Theodore Fay won first, a handsome pitcher of Teplitz (Austria) porcelain, in the form of an owl, donated by S. S. Shedd & Co. Ray Denison took second, a Campbell racket, from Lake & Co. Prof. Ely was given third, a pair of tennis shoes from Rich & Co. The consolation prizes were played for by the losers of the first round. Bath '99, won first, a racket, from Tappan & Co.; Bumgardner, '98, second, a fine straw hat, from Perry & Co. The prizes were announced by Allan Fay and presented by Miss Stemple, '98. The next day's Star had quite an extended description of the tournament and final ceremonies.

A general state of deshabille was the most marked characteristic of the last few days of the year. Tearing down and packing up were the order of the day, though some were wise enough to get this all done several days beforehand.

Of the graduating class, Rothert was the first to leave, departing right after commencement exercises, for Chicago to visit friends, and later for his home at Council Bluffs. Most of the remainder left that evening, a few Thursday morning, and the last Friday. The writer bade his final farewell Thursday afternoon and is now domiciled with relatives at the Falls, and renewing acquaintance with the famous cataract.

There are many approved ways of seeing the Falls. The writer's advice would be, "Go a wheel." Studiously avoid the signs. Spin around the smooth paths along the edge of the Rapids and Goat Island, with only three or four feet and a low railing between yourself and destruction, stopping at points of interest. The reason for avoiding the signs is because the most peremptory of them bear the legend, "Wheelmen, keep to the road," while the road is by no means so fine wheeling as the paths. This command is probably as little obeyed as the kindly warning, "Do not venture in dangerous places." One, knowing human nature, wonders if more heed is paid to the entreaty, "Spare the shrubs and trees." It would seem so, though, as the pilferings of tourists, if any, are imperceptible.

The Faculty flitted, too, as soon as they could after the close of college. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Fay and their families, it is understood, went to their cottages, in Long Island Sound and Nantucket respectively. Prof. and Miss Chickering visit his daughter, Mrs. Beadell, at Middlebury, Vt. Prof. Draper, of course, goes to Maine. Prof. Hotchkiss will spend most of the summer on the Green. It is not known whether Prof. and Mrs. Ely, and Mr. Hall will proceed. Perhaps the former to his favorite Adirondacks, while one might expect the latter to seek the ozone-filled atmosphere of Colorado and Pike's Peak, which, by the way is near Colorado Springs, which—but we will pause.

Mr. Stafford, '93, made his appearance on the Green again just before the close of college. It was rumored that Cupid brought him East. If so, it is full time, and we await developments and offer congratulations.

Nicholson and Kestner, '97, were also frequent visitors during the last days. The former is likely to continue in the poultry business in Washington.

The last Buff and Blue of the year, and the first under the new board, came out Monday the 20th, and does them much credit.

The class of '98, followed '95's good example and had a finely framed complete picture of the class hung on the lyceum wall, before they left college. Half of '96's picture is blank, and '97's non est at all.

ST. LOUIS.

The Day School closed its nineteenth year with the following.

PROGRAMME.

Song—Red, white and blue, (signs), Olive Janssen. Recitation—Our Flag (signs), Lulu Jones and Oscar Bloch. Recitation—A Curly Nest (signs and manual), John Konin and Eddie Alt. Recitation—Smiles and Kind Words (oral), Leon Powell. Address—Mr. Powell, representing the parents of pupils of the school. Composition—Bunker Hill Anniversary (oral), Ivy Myers. Song—Star Spangled Banner (signs), Arthur Rink. Address—Mr. Tribbe, patron of the school. Compositions—Leading Questions of the Day (oral), Arthur Steidemann. Address—Mr. Cloud, reviewing the history of the school and the work of the past year. Song—Home, Sweet Home, (Signs), Led by Luella Stephens.

The graduates are Mr. Steidemann, Mr. Rink, Miss Myers, and Miss Stephens. Properly speaking Mr. Steidemann is a post-graduate. The diplomas were not received in time to be presented to the graduates on this occasion, but each received his or hers by mail seen after the close of school. All of the graduates recently took the college entrance examinations and go to Washington next Fall.

The Gallaudet Union had a delightful picnic at upper Creve Coeur Lake Park on June 18th. There was a large attendance, the weather was fine and nothing happened to mar the pleasures of the occasion. The event was also a financial success, something like \$20 being realized over and above all expenses.

Rev. Mr. Cloud returned last Saturday, from a trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. He was present at the ordination to the diaconate of Mr. O. J. Whildin at All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, and at Commencement Exercises at Gallaudet College. Mr. Cloud has been invited to attend the State Conventions of the Minnesota and Iowa Association at St. Paul and Council Bluffs, and leaves for the north in the latter part of June.

Mr. Peter Huges is home from Gallaudet College for vacation. He made a good record at college during the past year, which was his first, and St. Louisians are proud of him. Next year Mr. Arthur Steidemann and Miss Ivy Myers will help him represent St. Louis at the College. Mr. Rink and Miss Stephens, who enter from the Day School, reside in Illinois, and consequently will be credited to that State.

The infant child of Mr. George W. Parker died last week. Mrs. Parker died four months ago, and Mr. Parker's mother is now dangerously ill. Mr. Parker has our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. W. E. Guss is preparing to go to the country to recuperate from the ravages of la grippe.

Mr. Asa Stutsman, of Gallaudet College, passed through the city on his way home for vacation, and called on St. Louis friends between trains. Come again as and stay longer.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

JULY 10TH—FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street, near Central Park, New York City.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown.

Newburgh service omitted.

Conscience makes cowards of only those who fail to obey it.

PHILADELPHIA.

One of the Oldest Deaf-Mutes in the State Dead.

THE CLERC ASSOCIATION LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

A Deaf-Mute Shoots a Woman--The News of the Past Week.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Alpheus Mackenzie died on Thursday morning, June 23d, at the home of his son-in-law, John S. Hoffman, Jr., No. 2448 Bouvier Street, this city.

The deceased was in his 83d year. His health had been remarkably good for his age up to within about a week before his death, and he was seen wending his way to and from All Souls' Church without the aid of a cane and with apparently little difficulty. There is no doubt, however, that his age was burdened with grief for the loss of his beloved wife, whose death occurred exactly one year and one month before his—May 23d, 1897, and it must have hastened his departure.

On Sunday, 19th, his health seemed to have suddenly collapsed. He had expressed a desire to attend the ordination service at All Souls'; however, the time found him in an unconscious state. He rallied and held on to the balance of life until Thursday morning, when he passed away peacefully.

Mr. Mackenzie was not only one of the oldest deaf-mutes living here, but also one of the most respected. His funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from his son-in-law's home, the Rev. J. M. Koehler officiating. A large number of deaf people attended the service at the house. His remains were taken to Palmyra, N. J., for interment.

On Thursday evening, 23d, the much-talked-of literary entertainment of the Clerc Literary Association came off. After a few introductory remarks by President Smielau, Mr. R. M. Ziegler was called upon to give the news of the greatest moment. Following, Mr. R. E. Underwood declaimed "The Village Blacksmith" in a very creditable manner. Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, who was present and unable to remain to the finish, was then invited to address the Association, which he did. He paid it some fine compliments, which modestly forbids repetition here. Regarding Philadelphia, he was convinced that it was not such a "sleeping" city as some imagined it to be. (Great consolation! But we fear that the Westerners who have never seen us will differ with the reverend gentleman.) After Rev. Mr. Cloud had finished his address, both the president and Rev. Mr. Koehler made brief replies. Rev. Mr. Cloud then bade his friends goodbye and left for home. An interesting recitation was then given by Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett, who was followed by Mr. Reider with an essay on "Reading." Then Mr. Lipsett delivered a humorous recitation which closed the exercises. The attendance was fairly good and an enjoyable evening was had.

Saturday evening, 25th, Miss Katie Eisele tendered a party to Mrs. Louisa Slifer in honor of her birthday, at her sister's home. A most pleasant evening was spent. Quite as much, if not more enjoyable, was the appetizing supper which was served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Wilson, Mrs. Louisa Slifer, Miss Dora Kintzel and Messrs. Thomas Breen, F. C. Smielau, H. G. Gunkel, Thos. D. Delp, and William Lee.

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Weaver about two weeks ago.

The city papers, in the latter part of last week, contained reports of the following unfortunate occurrence, clipped from the Inquirer, May 24th.

Mrs. Carrie Coakley, 35 years old, of 1026 Leithgow Street, is in St. Mary's Hospital suffering from two bullet wounds, one in the right thigh and the other in the right foot. The police are looking for John Sorg, whose home is next door, who is charged with firing the shots.

According to Mrs. Coakley's family, the shooting was the outcome of a series of quarrels between her and Mrs. Sorg about their children. Yesterday afternoon, it is stated, the misunderstanding between the women was renewed, and in some way Sorg became mixed up in the matter. Mrs. Coakley was on her front step when, it is alleged, Sorg whipped out a revolver which he had been displaying for some time past and fired a shot at her, the bullet taking effect in her left thigh. A second shot was fired as she was fleeing, and this one took effect in her right foot.

Immediately after the shooting Sorg ran from the scene without hat or coat, and up to a late hour last night the police had been unable to apprehend him. He was seen running along Girard Avenue towards Vienna Street, and disappeared. The injured woman was removed to St. Mary's Hospital, where the bullets were removed by Dr. Farrell, and it is expected that she will recover.

Mr. Sorg is a deaf-mute as is also his wife.

Mrs. Thomas D. Delp is visiting

with the Laird family on Petty's Island, Delaware River.

Mr. John Hirschbein, deaf, has opened a gents' furnishing goods store on Germantown Avenue, near Diamond Street, which is a busy location.

Mr. Frank Weaver is reported to have been married to Miss Hannah Wilson, on Wednesday, June 23d.

June 27, '98. J. S. R.

ST. JOSEPH INSTITUTE.

To give the readers of the JOURNAL a general idea of the seldom heard of school, which is divided in three branches, the following is herewith presented:—

An entertainment at the close of the academic year was held at Westchester, by the pupils of St. Joseph Institute, on Monday, June 20th, 1898.

St. Joseph Institute for Deaf-Mutes has three separate schools, and all in Greater New York.

Miss N. Francis O'Connor has charge of the Girls' Department, at 772 East 188th Street, Bronx Borough; Miss Coughlin, Boys' Department, Westchester, Bronx Borough; Miss M. Morgan, Girls' Branch, 113 Buffalo Avenue, Brooklyn Borough.

The entertainment, as held at the Westchester Branch, was attended by friends and parents of the pupils. It is the largest of the three schools, thus affording ample room for the purpose.

As far as we have been able to learn, only two graduated this year. They were Miss Maggie Murphy, from the Fordham Branch, and James Dwyer, from the Westchester Branch.

The following programme was carried out:

PROGRAMME.
Overture, Fairy March.....S. Winner
Professors Lyons and Fiench Welcome.....Master Thomas Blessington
Chorus, Faith of our Fathers.....Pupils of 4th and 5th Classes
Instrumental by a pupil.....Miss Maggie Murphy
Our Country Dance.....Kindergarten Pupils
Recitation, Valedictory Address.....Master James Dwyer
Chorus, The Star Spangled Banner.....Pupils of 1st, 2d and 3d Classes
Instrumental.....Miss Maggie Murphy
Ucle Frank's Primary School, Object Lessons indispensable.....Instructor, Professor A. Smith
Duet, Bieb' bei mir.....G. Haessner
Hymn to the Sacred Heart.....Professors Lyons and Fiench
Pupils of 2d and 3d Divisions
Conferring of Diplomas and Distribution of Prizes, by Rev. Father McKenna, P. P.

The valedictory address was delivered by James Dwyer and was as follows:

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.
Reverend Fathers, Beloved Parents and Kind Friends:—To-day another class goes forth from the threshold of St. Joseph's Institute, where many years of anxious and careful preparation have passed.

It seems proper to entertain feelings of joy on such a day; nevertheless, the melancholy thought comes that we are leaving companions and friends who are so dear to us that we are loath to part from them. As time more on-ward we shall look back on these eventful and pleasant scenes of our school days, not unmindful of the great influence early training has had in determining the course of our lives.

As this life is but a preparation for eternity, so also is education a preparation for this life. We are not deluded by the presumption that this is a chimeric, flitting about as if its object were temporal enjoyment, but that, as Longfellow has said,

"Life is real, life is earnest," and that each has a part to play in the great drama which is really performed when we have done our best.

The reverend "God bless you," coming as it does from the heart, we have no doubt, will be heard.

Our thanks are due to those gathered around to wish us success and to those of the school who have directed us with the most maternal care.

We are proud of being pupils of St. Joseph's Institute; proud of earning our diplomas and proud of all that have been brought up in the practices of our holy religion by the teachers who have sacrificed time and pleasure for our welfare.

As this life is but a preparation for eternity, so also is education a preparation for this life.

Why there should be three separate schools under one management is more than I can understand, and these too all in Greater New York, but so far removed from each other. The Brooklyn Branch is about ten miles from the Fordham Branch, and the Westchester Branch is five miles from the Fordham Branch. Thus if a parent had a boy and girl both deaf, and wanted to put them in St. Joseph Institute, he would have to travel all day in order to do this.

I am able to learn from a well known deaf gentleman, who knows much about St. Joseph Institute, that it is a wealthy organization, and that the principals or head teachers can not be removed, but can be transferred to other schools under the organization in the United States. The salaries paid to the teachers are low, probable the lowest paid in any school for the deaf in the country. This may or may not effect the school from securing competent teachers.

Although the teachers' salaries are small, yet nothing is paid them during vacation, or in other words they are granted a respite without pay. If these teachers managed to save most of their salaries during the school term they will be able to pull through, otherwise they will have to work to board themselves.

Mr. William Taylor, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a warm friend of Captain James Lynch, of the three decked palatial steamer "Tolchester," of New York, which sails on the beautiful "American Rhine," beginning her regular Sunday morning excursions to Newburg, on June 5th, 1898. The landings are Yonkers, Tona Island, West Point, State Camp by Annex. William is a son of ex-Assistant Captain Thomas H. Taylor.

Strange Story of a Supposed Deaf-Mute.

James McRea, a 14 years old deaf and dumb, who has been in care of the police at the Woodlawn station for several days, told a story to-day of how he was enticed away from New York by a stranger last week, and, after being brought to Chicago, was left to shift for himself.

The lad was a pupil in the St. Vincent's school for mutes when he was taken away from New York. The school is in Brooklyn, but the lad wandered across the bridge and was lost. It is believed by the police that the mysterious stranger who brought him to Chicago had a sinister motive for the act. An effort is being made to discover the lad's family history and determine whether he is not the heir to some valuable estate, which state of affairs would probably make it worth while for certain persons to get him out of the way.

James McRea has been in institutions for mutes since he was a baby. He was in St. Mary's school in Jersey City for several years and was then taken to New York and finally placed in the St. Vincent's in Brooklyn. One of the features of his case is that nobody seems to know who has been paying his expenses. The boy himself does not know whether he has any parents or not. He does not think James McRea is his right name.

He is well educated and unusually intelligent, although his complete ignorance of the ways of the world places him at serious disadvantage. He can read and write as well as other boys of his age. His story was written in answer to questions.

He says he was walking along the streets of New York when a man accosted him and struck up an acquaintance. For some reason the stranger, who was well dressed, took a deep interest in the boy and offered to send him to Chicago and secure work for him. The mute was anxious to accept the offer, and accordingly was placed on a train by the stranger and started westward. His ticket was furnished him by the friend, who also gave him \$10 and wrote an address on a piece of paper. The latter was the place where the lad was to secure employment.

McRea reached Chicago minus the address and without the \$10. He had lost them in some unaccountable manner before leaving New York. He could not remember the name of the place where he was to go and so wandered about the streets. Monday night he was found asleep, curled up in a doorway on the South side, by Dr. Dana Garen of 300 Halsted Street.

Dr. Garen took the boy home and fed him and allowed him to stay in the house all night. The lad ate ravenously and told the doctor he had been starving for three days. The following day he said he wanted to go out and search for work. Dr. Garen gave him a dollar and the boy went away. Tuesday afternoon he returned to his benefactor and said he had met the man who sent him from New York. He said the stranger was going to take him to Hammond, Ind., where he could earn his living. So he went away, and did not return. Dr. Garen did not hear anything more of the boy until he read in a newspaper that the Woodlawn police had taken him in custody.

He called at the station and learned that the boy had gone to Hammond, but failed to secure work, and returned the same night. The man who the second time had made professions of friendship had given him a coin and left him late at night to care for himself. The disappointment and suffering probably affected the boy's mind as he seemed to be in a dazed condition. When Officers Nolan and Daley found him he was being pursued by a mob of a rough boys and was badly frightened.

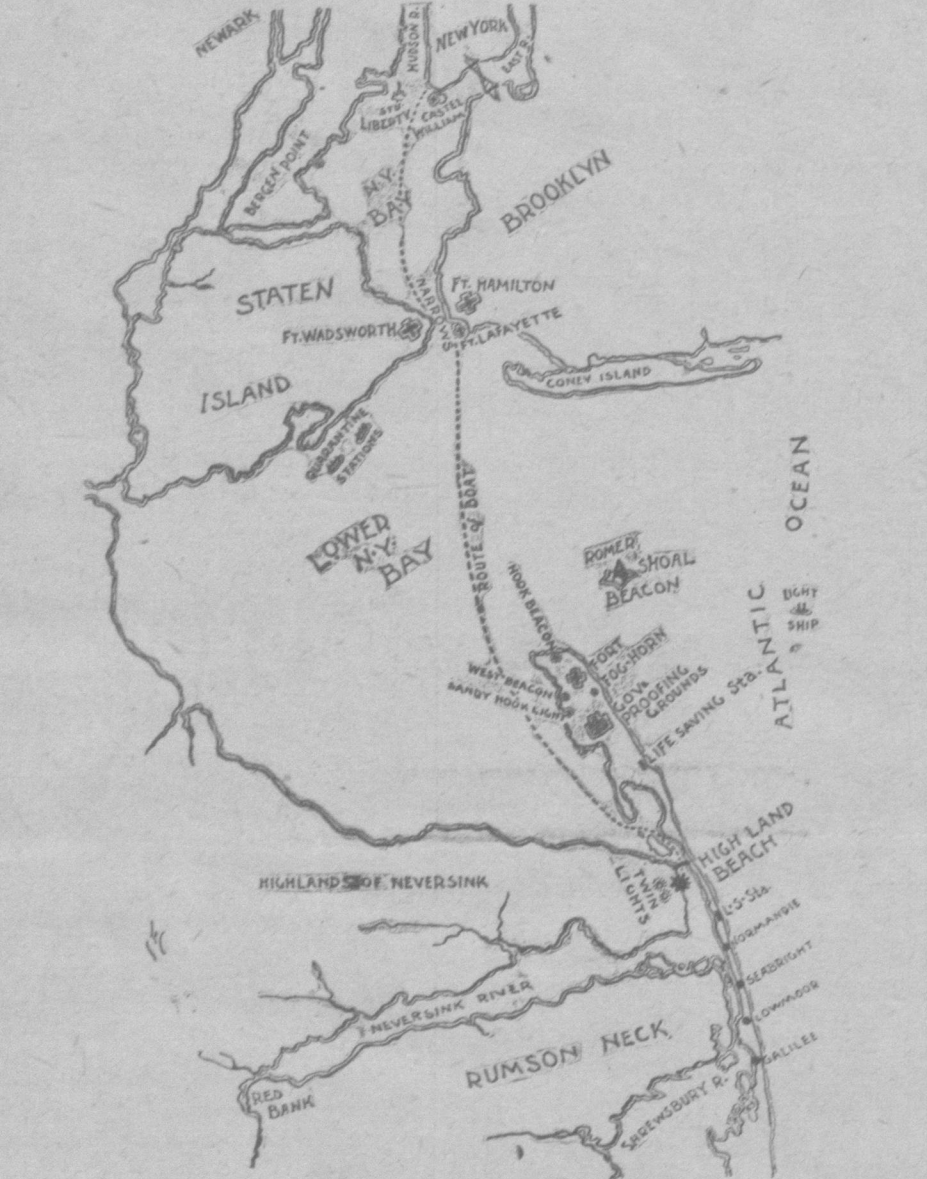
The police are communicating with the St. Vincent's home and will return him if arrangements can be made. If not, Dr. Garen say he will undertake to find employment for McRea in the meantime a search is being carried on for the strange man who brought him from New York. It is believed there is some circumstance in the lad's life which has not been revealed.

McRea says he met the man from New York wholly by chance in Chicago. He appreciates the fact that his story is unusual, but stupidly affirms its truth. He is a devout Catholic. When asked why he did not return to Dr. Garen after coming back from Hammond, he wrote the following reply: "May the Blessed Virgin Mary be with him and may God bless him, because he has done enough for me, I would like to work so I could pay him back and double the amount if required."

Miss Essie H. Spanton has become a golf enthusiast, and is a member of three swell country golf clubs. The gentleman to whom she is engaged to be married has gone to Cuba with the Hastings Hussars as First Lieutenant. Miss Spanton expects to make a trip to Massachusetts and Maine this summer, going to Canada later on with a party of friends.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

New York to Highland Beach



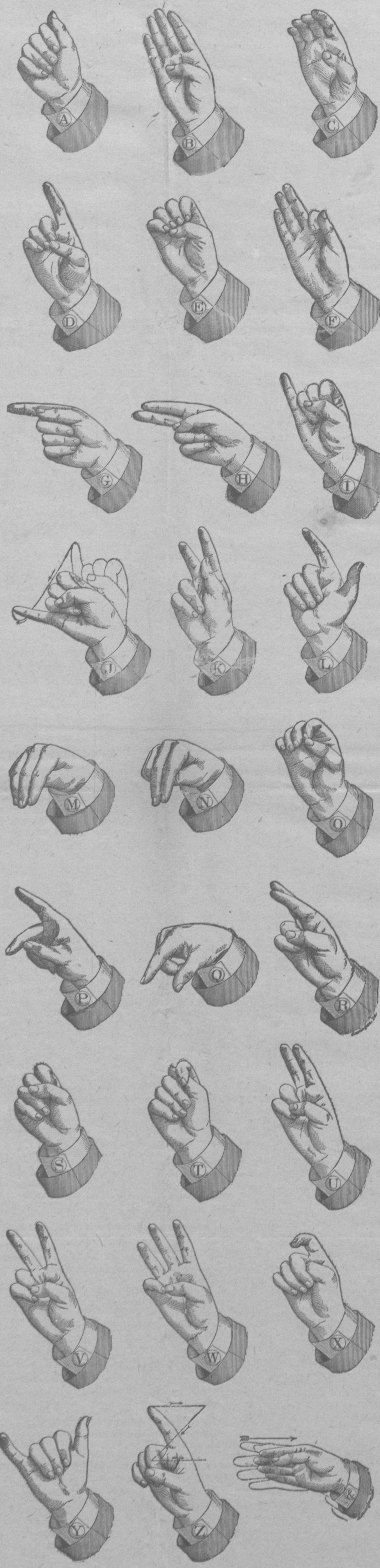
The above is a fair diagram of the route from New York to Highland Beach, and those intending to attend the Outing of the League of Elect Surds, on Thursday, July 14th, 1898, will find it valuable for reference while passing forts and places of interest along the route. "Cut it out, and paste it in your new hat."

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FORGOT HE WAS DUMB.
BAD BOY WOULD HAVE FOOLED COURT, BUT HE TALKED.
When Henry Kobiak and John Solinsky, each 11 years old, and living in North Seventh Street, near Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, were arraigned yesterday in the Lee Avenue Court on the charge of stealing lead pipe. Kobiak successfully palmed himself off as a deaf and dumb mute. When Magistrate Worth questioned Kobiak the boy simply stared at him, which caused the Magistrate to say to Solinsky: "What's the matter with your pal? Can't he talk?" Solinsky smiled and said: "No; he only understands what I say to him. He is deaf and dumb, and we have a language between us." Solinsky said something in an inaudible voice, which caused Kobiak to grin. Then Solinsky made some motions with his fingers which caused Kobiak to shake his head. Turning to the Magistrate, Solinsky said: "He says that we ain't guilty of this charge. We didn't steal the lead pipe. The cops made a mistake in arresting us. It was the other fellers who took the 'swag.'" "Yes," shouted Kobiak, who evidently had forgotten himself. Then he lapsed again into his supposed deaf and dumb state. "My impression at first was," said Magistrate Worth, "that Kobiak was really deaf and dumb. I now believe that you are both good fakirs and bad eggs. As for you, Kobiak, you seem to know the deaf and dumb signs pretty well, but I believe you can talk English as well as your pal. I believe you are both thieves, and I'll commit you for a hearing." The two lads grinned as they were being led back to the pen.—N. Y. Press, June 28.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
Doubt magnifies troubles. Love gives true worth to gifts. Pride, like a cat, has nine lives. Duty knocks at every man's door. Every heart has a thorn and a throne. A good name is made, not bestowed. Public opinion is never tongue-tied. The abuse of health is veiled suicide. The grumbler blows out his own lamp. Honesty worships in the temple of truth. Goodness is the printing press of truth. If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud.

American Manual Alphabet.



Mr. A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute, who is at our Prince Street store, is ready at all times to cater to the wants of all those to whom he can make himself understood. He can offer clothes, shoes, hats and furnishings for man and boy; for warm weather and cold, for wet weather and dry; for any and every occasion. If you live out of town he will send you samples, finished goods on approval, goods which you may return for alteration, exchange, or refund of money, if not satisfactory. Suppose you try it. **ROGERS, PEET & Co.** Prince and Broadway. Warren and Broadway. Thirty-second and Broadway. New York.

The Favorite Mountain Resort of Virginia.
Those desiring a refined and home-like hotel at moderate rates will do well to visit the Bear Lithia Springs, Inn and cottage under new management. Too much cannot be said of these springs and the remarkable cures effected by the use of the water, both in drinking and bathing. Wonderful cures of Rheumatism, Nervous, Diarrhea, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, Skin, and Blood Diseases, Malaria and all Female Complaints have been effected. The United States Government has recognized this remarkably medicinal water for the Army. The location of these Springs is ideal, one thousand feet above the sea-level, five hours from Washington, six from Baltimore, eight from Philadelphia, and ten from New York. All of the surroundings are associated with many important and thrilling episodes in American history. The world-famed Natural Bridge, the marvelous Luray Caverns, the wonderful Weyer's Cave, University of Virginia, and Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, are within a short distance. Nearly all the officers and assistants of this hotel are familiar with the sign-language. They are very pleasant Southerners to meet. As the hotel accommodation area limited, you will do well to engage rooms in advance. Booklet free. **CHARLES KERNEY, Proprietor.** BEAR LITHIA, ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.

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250 " " " 1.00
50 Cards, without name .20
100 " " " .35
250 " " " .75
FINE VISITING CARDS.
50 Cards (no alphabets), .35
100 " " " .60

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NINTH SEASON
Second Outing
OF THE
LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS
TO
Highland Beach
Thursday, July 14, '98
Four hours on water
Six hours on land
Fine Route, enabling the excursionists to see the sea coast defences made since last season, besides the scenery all along is magnificent.
Highland Beach is a fine pleasure resort, affording ample time for bathing in the surf, boating on the river, wheeling over fine roads, etc.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING Picnic & Games
under the auspices of the
New York Deaf-Mute Club
AT
C. WISSELL'S COLOSSEUM PARK
Ridgewood, L. I.
Saturday, July 16, '98
ADMISSION, 25 CTS.
Children under ten years free.

The features of the picnic will be as follows:
FOR GENTLEMEN.
1. EGG BICYCLE RACE—Free entry; one prize.
2. PUTTING THE SHOT—Free entry; one prize.
3. BOWLING CONTEST—Entrance fee, three balls for ten cents; two prizes.
4. "TRY YOUR STRENGTH"—Free entry; one prize.
5. THROWING BALL AT "BUTCHER" WEYLER—Entrance fee, three balls for five cents; one cigar for every hit.
FOR LADIES.
1. POTATO RACE—Free entry; one prize.
2. NEEDLE AND THREAD RACE—Free entry; one prize.
3. BOWLING CONTEST—Entrance fee, three balls for ten cents; two prizes.
4. DRIVING NAILS—Free entry; one prize.
FOR CLUBS.
1. BOWLING CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE DEAF-MUTES' CLUBS OF THE U. S.—Entrance, three balls for ten cents. Three members allowed for each club; one prize (The New York Deaf-Mutes' Club hereby challenges any deaf-mutes' club for this championship.)
To reach the Park in Ridgewood, L. I. From the Fulton Street ferry, take Union Elevated R. R. Myrtle Avenue cars. From the Brooklyn Bridge, take Gates and Myrtle Avenue trolley cars. From Grand Street ferry, take Bushwick Avenue trolley cars. From Greenpoint Avenue ferry, take Union Avenue trolley cars. The park is two blocks from Myrtle Avenue.
For further particulars address F. Turner, 444 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
F. TURNER, Chairman.
J. F. BRITT, WILBUR BOWERS,
J. HAYES, A. MCL. BAXTER,
C. E. VERNON.

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